

*The History of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poincs, Hal, a plague vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me : and the stony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

*Prince* Peace yefat guts, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? zbloud Ile not beate mine owne flesh so farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince* Thou lyeest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler.

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when ieast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do against my wil.

*Poincs.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar.* Caffe yee, caffe yee, on with your vizards, thers money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the King, Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs al.

*Fal.* To behanged.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poincs* & I will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter,

*Henry the*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* But how many be they

*Gad.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, wil they not r

*Prince.* What! a coward Sir

*Fals.* Indeed I am not Iohn o yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince* Well, wee leaue that

*Poincs* Sirra Iack, thy horse st thou needest him, there thou sha

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him

*Prince* Ned, where are our dis

*Poincs* Here hard by, stand clo

*Fals.* Now my maisters, happ man to his businesse.

*Tra.* Come neighbour, the b the hil, wee leaue afoote a whi

*Theeues* Stand.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them hore son caterpillars! Bacon-f downe with them, fleece them

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied kn chuffes, I would your store wer knaues? young men must liue, y wee le iure yee yfaith.

*Here they rob them an the Prince*

*Prince* The theeues haue bou thou and I rob the theeues, and be argument for a weeke, laugh for euer.

*Poincs* Stand close, I heare the

*Enter the theeues*

*Fals.* Come my maisters, le before day: and the Prince and ardes, theres no equity stirring *Poincs*, than in a wild duck.